

The Vice To My Virtue

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Summary: Everybody's heard of the Seven Sins and Virtues. The standard guidelines on how to behave, so on and so forth. Some people, however, can't live on the middle ground between the two. Some people have to represent them. Introducing Lovino Vargas, Sin of Envy, Feliciano Vargas, Virtue of Purity, their quirky friends and a story of forbidden love in between. (Collab with Ariaprincess)

The Vice To My Virtue

\_\*\*Trigger Warning: Mentions of attempted sexual assault.\*\*\_

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><p><strong>(Broken) AN : Guess who's doing a collab? Yeah, that's right, this big \_dummkopf\_ right here is doing a collab. Though, this will certainly be fun, since I get to work with \_mon cher Ariaprincess! We're going to be doing this by chapter, and this one was written by yours truly! Hope you all enjoy~ \*\*\*\*[Bet you all can guess who Luther is~]\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>(Aria) AN : Hello! Gosh, I've been waiting to work on this idea for a while, so kudos to my \_sorella\_ for agreeing to work on it with me! Thanks to her writing, I bet it's gonna turn out great. Please review, favorite, and follow!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Lovino stared at the clock ticking away on the wall opposite to his right: The hour hand was on the seven, and the minute hand had just passed the forty minute mark. The Italian sighed, kicking his feet up over the back of the couch, "Where is the idiot?" he grumbled to himself, picking up his half-eaten tomato from the coffee table

and taking one large bite to appease his aching stomach.<p>

One hour and thirty minutes ago he had sent his stupid little brother out to get food. Two hours ago and forty-one minutes had passed and Feliciano was supposed to be home and they were supposed be having dinner together in their little apartment. But there wasn't any food, and there wasn't a trace of Feliciano's stupid smiling face.

Lovino was seriously considering just getting up, making himself some pasta, and eating it alone so he could mentally mock Feli wherever he was right now by missing out on his favorite meal, but getting up would use some energy, and after a full day of boring lectures at the local college he attended, Lovino didn't feel like wasting anymore of his body's precious caffeine stores lest he fall asleep on his essay due for his Medieval European History class. He should probably get started on that...

Taking another bite of his tomato, the brunette sighed: Homework later, finding his twin's idiotic arse and dragging him back home first. Placing his half-eaten tomato back on the antique coffee tableâ€”a gift from their Grandpa that already had more coffee stains and notches in the wood then Lovino had thought possibleâ€”he pulled out his phone and flicked it open, scrolling through his few contactsâ€”mostly family and one or two friends from his college coursesâ€”and found Feliciano's number almost instantly.

Clicking on the call button, Lovino pressed the phone to his ear and looked at the ceiling; a small crack ran along the grey roof, and the Italian could see the water damage already forming on it. He sighed, time to call the landlord again and have his usual complaints fall on deaf ears. Maybe if he had Feliciano deal with it this time they'd finally get someone to deal with it: No one could resist the younger boy's charms.

His grip tightened on the phone in his continuously restrained jealously; despite his spitfire personality, he was truly very good at hiding the rage that always settled in his gut when he thought of his little brother's superiority over himâ€”ever since they were nothing more than toddlers back home in Italy, the younger Vargas sibling had just always been simply better.

Five rings. Lovino bounced his foot up and down, biting his lip. This was odd, Feliciano usually picked up on the first ring. Lovino was seriously considering just hanging up and texting his brother, before someone picked up on the other lineâ€”Feliciano was sobbing and clearly breathless, "Lovi!" he screamed into the phone, making his brother jump.

"Feli?!" the older Italian shouted back, jumping up from the couch and barely stopping himself from tumbling to the floor. "Where are you? What's wrong?" He knew Feliciano was extremely sensitive, but these cries weren't just his brother's 'I-just-accidently-stepped-on-a-super-icky-bug-and-squished-it-and-now-I'm-feeling-bad' type of crying. These were the shrieks of someone getting savagely mauled by a dog.

More sobbing came from the other end, as well as the sound of shuffling, "\_Fr-Fratello!\_ He-help m-me! I-I we-went throu-ugh the sho-short-cut be-because I-I wa-was gonna b-be late because of a-a

super bi-big line an-and then thi-this weird guy ca-came up to me an-and," hiccups broke up Feliciano's words into stuttered chunks, creating an incredibly garbled sentence, but he went on, "I-It hap-happened so-so\_ fast\_! H-He pinn-pinned me do-down an-and...h-he tri-tried to..."

There was a sound of something breaking, most possibly wood being reduced to splinters, and Feliciano suddenly screamed, "H-He fou-found me! \_He's gonna ki-ki-kill me!\_"

"Not if I have anything to say about it!" Lovino shrieked back: Panic filled every muscle, every vein, every cell, in his body. His little brother was being assaulted by a random creeper in some alleywayâ€"Feliciano was barely even eighteen, hisâ€"well, theirâ€"birthday had only been a week or two ago, and he even had the appearance of a sixteen year old! What kind of man would try to do...do that to someone who was nothing more than a kid?!

Before Lovino knew it, he was outside, running down the sidewalk with his cell phone pressed to his ear. People shouted at him as he rammed into them in his haste, but he didn't careâ€"he only flipped a few off, instead of all of them as he would of usually doneâ€"his brother was more important than those narrow-minded imbeciles. "Which alley are you in?" Lovino shouted into the phone, earning some strange looks from passing people.

"Se-Second on-one, th-the one b-by the pet st-store!" Feliciano sobbed, screaming at the end; in the background, there was the sound from earlier in the phone callâ€"more wood splintering into shards. Lovino heard pounding, as well as the garbled shouts of the drunkard who was trying to assault Feli. Hazel eyes turned into pinpricks in panic as Lovino flipped his direction, going back the way he came. The pet store was to the right of their apartment, not the leftâ€"the direction which Lovino had blindly ran. Hopefully the little slip-up hadn't cost him any valuable time.

'Hold on for just a little longer, Feli: Big brother is coming.\_'

\* \* \*

><p>No matter what people said, Feliciano Vargas was not completely oblivious to the sinful world surrounding him. He had seen the news: The blood, the death, the assaults. Everything, really. He hated how the world could be so cruelâ€"Why couldn't they just all get along? They were all <em>people</em>, after all; not some other speciesâ€"and he wished it would end.

Though, now, as he tried to keep himself away from the groping hand of a drunk man trying to undo the his tie and belt, human cruelty didn't seem to be ending anytime soon.

Sweat dripped down Feliciano's face, making his auburn hair stick to his face and the base of his neck uncomfortably; he clutched onto the cross hanging around his neckâ€"this year's birthday present from Lovinoâ€"and whispered prayers under his breath as frightened tears joined the sweat. Where was Lovino? Lovino had promisedâ€"he had swornâ€"to always be there for Feliciano; to always protect the younger twin.

Maybe Lovino had called the police first? Was that why he was taking

so long: He had just stopped to dial the number? That could be it, but Feli knew his brother would be much too concerned about his safety to dial up the policemen right away without just running there himself. Well, whatever the reason was, Feliciano didn't plan on dwelling on it to much: He instead focused on how he would protect himself once the man broke through the wooden tomato box Feli was hiding in.

The tomato box was, truly, a godsend for the boy. It was big enough to hide him relatively snugly, his long legs bent in such a way that they were almost pressed flush against his forehead, but it was still a welcome sanctuary. The wood was thick and the lid, despite being heavy and not very easy to move for the scrawny Italian, had seemed to click like a locked door when Feliciano moved it into place.

Although the thickness had provided Feli enough time to call his brother, it didn't hold up for as long as the Italian had hoped for, and the man had proved himself to be stronger than Feliciano had given him credit for: The man's hand had been the first thing to break through, followed shortly by a booted foot. His phone now laid, discarded, across the box; Lovino's voice wasn't coming from the phone, though his information was still on the contact bar, leaving Feliciano feeling alone with only a picture of his dear big brother.

A picture of Feliciano and Lovinoâ€"taken while Lovino was off-guard, no doubtâ€"shone out from the glowing screen: Feli was smiling widely while Lovino looked incredibly irritated. Tears fell faster as hurried thumps came from outside; the man was growing incredibly impatient. A grey eye peered into the box from one of the existing holes, staring at the cornered boy in a way that made him shiver. Feliciano felt like a rabbit that was cornered by a hungry fox.

"Oi, kid, c'mon out, I just wanna play with ya a l'il bit!" More thumping followed the statement: Another fist crashed through the box, managing to tear another scream from Feliciano's throat. The man's two arms slithered through two of the holes, while he kept staring at Feliciano through the third; his hands pressed against the box's lid, and it groaned open.

Golden eyes turned into frightened specks amongst a sea of white water; Feliciano suddenly wished he had grabbed the pepper spray bottle, which the ever-paranoid Lovino had bought a month ago, on his way out the door.

The man smirked, eyes still glinting, as he tossed the lid the best he could to the side; more light poured into the box from a dilapidated and flickering streetlamp, revealing that the box's wood was the tiniest bit rotted, a detail that the auburn-haired boy had missed while crawling into it. The man licked his lips, taking his arms out of the holes and letting them dangle by his sides, "Well, now there's nothing separating us..."

"Except me, pervert."

Feliciano instantly perked up at the rough voice of his brother, looking beyond the man to see his older fratello. Oh, Lovino looked downright murderous. Caramel eyes burned like hot coals as they stared into the man's. The older twin began to walk forward,

seemingly unashamed of the cheesiness of what he had just said, despite his constant complaining about people in movies using similar lines.

The man kept his grin in place, not even the tiniest bit intimidated, "Oh, yeah; what are you going to do to me, small-fry?"

"I don't need to do anything; the police that are coming for you will be more than happy to put you in jail, to rot, for attempting assault." Lovino's voice sounded calm as he stopped walking, leaving the stranger to finish closing the two foot gap in between them, but Feliciano could see the slightest shake to his brother's hands, despite the distance from Feli's box to where Lovi stood— it always amazed the younger sibling how his brother could remain so composed in such scary situations: If Feli was in his brother's place, there was no doubt in his mind that he would already be waving a white flag and weeping for mercy.

"To bad, they'd be putting me in for the wrong reason..."

Lovino raised an eyebrow, but was unable to say anything else before a deep, searing pain erupted in his gut. His eyes widened. The Italian college student put a hand to his stomach, feeling something hot and sticky cover it. He didn't even need to look to know that it was blood. A grin had spread across the drunkard's face, "Murder is something else entirely." His gun glinted.

Feliciano gave another hoarse scream, jumping out of his box as Lovino fell to the ground with a loud thump. Blood was pooling around the older brother's form, being unable to soak into his shirt and instead choosing to make a course down his sides, leaving bright crimson streaks across his grey-blue T-shirt. Golden eyes locked onto Lovino's chest when it rose and fell in a ragged pattern: Lovino was steadily paling, but he was still alive, luckily the cops would get here in time to get the young man to a hospital.

Looking up again at the sound of a soft click, Feliciano found himself staring down the barrel of the gun. He trembled, watching the drunkard's finger dance over the trigger so easily, like he hadn't just killed someone who was barely even out of his teenage years and was about to kill their younger brother. "Guess I ain't havin' any fun tonight." He pressed down slightly, but the bullet didn't get to leave its snug home before red and blue flashing lights beamed down the alley. The man spat out a curse, his gun never leaving its position of being trained on Feliciano, as the police began to yell at him to release the weapon and step away.

"Oh well, the gig's up I guess." the man lowered his gun, his scowl morphing back into a smile as he squeezed the trigger. "Say hello to the Devil for me, kid."

All Feliciano could hear was the whizzing of a bullet, before his vision instantly clouded. His heart felt like it had just been broken, shattered like glass, as he tumbled to the ground, limp as a ragdoll or a puppet without strings. Everything hurt for a split second, before he felt something warm embrace him, not even giving him time to think about what happened.

Feliciano opened his eyes. Everything was blurry, like he needed glasses, but he could make out the fuzzy shape of his

brotherâ€"Lovino was gripping his hand, squeezing so tightly it almost...\_burned\_. Beyond the shape that was Lovino, everything was whiteâ€"like cotton and freshly made silk, nothing had a speck of color added to it. Everything was monochrome.

Suddenly, Lovino began to scream: His fingers unfurled from Feliciano's as he suddenly came into focus. There was still a red mark over the spot where Lovino had been shot, but it was quickly covered over by black patches. \_Char marks. \_It almost looked like Lovino was burning away. Red engulfed the older twin, the only thing that tied Feliciano to his living existence, and the image of Lovino Vargas crumbled away into nothing but ashes...

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><p>Feliciano woke up screaming and covered in sweat. His hand subconsciously traveled to hover right over his heart, before pressing down on the organ's skin wall gently: Nothing was beating in his chest. Under the silky white fabric covering him in way-to-big pajamas, the Italian felt nothing frantically pound under his fingertips in fright. Golden eyes filled with tears, blurring up his view of the room he was in.<p>

The boy looked around the unfamiliar space. White. That's all it was. White comforter, white walls, white dresser, white nightstand...white, white, white. Feliciano had never seen any place so devoid of colors before. And, when he looked down at himself, even his skin seemed paler...it almost seemed to \_glow\_. What had happened? He remembered a brief painâ€"(\_Searing, burning; oh, God make it stop)\_â€"that had been in his chest, but that was it.

"Ah, I see that you're awake."

Jumping at the sudden voice, Feliciano almost smashed his head against the bedpost as his neck swiveled so he had full sight of the door, where the voice had apparently originated. A tallâ€"incredibly \_tall, for how young he lookedâ€"man stood in the doorway. He wore something that the Italian had only seen in history books: A flowing white cloak covering a long similarly-colored tunic, with white breeches tucked neatly into his tall boots.

The only spots of color on the mystery man was his blonde hairâ€"as yellow as a baby duck's feathersâ€"and his gleaming blue eyes. His skin had that same unearthly glow as Feliciano's had gained, though his flesh was ever paler and the glow was stronger. Slowly, the man began to approach Feliciano's bed, before finally getting to the Italian's bedside in a manner of a few long strides.

Leaning down before actually kneeling, the man smiled gently. His blue eyes were rounded and softâ€"they reminded Feliciano of a child's. "Hello, Puriâ€"I-I mean, Feliciano," the man finally said, his voice melodic with a thick accent layering it like a heavy blanket, getting slightly thicker with his stumble. Was that tone Italian, or German? Feliciano really couldn't tell. "My name is Luther, though you may also refer to me as the virtue of Diligence."

Golden eyes blinked stupidly. Virtue? Diligence? And that stumble the maâ€" \_Luther\_ had made just a few short moments ago, what had that been about? Feliciano's already foggy mind was cluttered with these

questions and more: How had he gotten here? How did Luther know his name? Wh...What had been his life before being here? That seemed the most important to ask at the moment. His head was only able to retain a few dust-covered memories of a smiling man and a scowling...figure. He was able to make out anything else from the latter's blurred face, just the scowl.

Feliciano tried to open his mouth to ask the questions trying to tumble from his vocals, but he found that he couldn't. His mouth felt like it was filled with thick glue, that his tongue was made of heavy lead. Luther just continued to give him that soft smile, before sweeping an arm out with a grand flutter of his cloak. The fabric almost seemed to change color with the movement: pure white became a dull, raven black for a moment, before reverting back to the suffocating color surrounding them both from all sides as Luther spoke again.

"Welcome to Heaven."

End  
file.